(Copy)

Boston, March 17, 1865.

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All the kind feelings you express, I heartily reciprocate. At no time have I ever forgotten "the days of auld lang syne", or the many pleasant incidents connected with them, as pertaining to you both. Be assured, the friendship which was so early formed between us will be a part of my existence, here & hereafter. The peculiar circumstances which conspired to keep me for so many years from my native-place, necessarily prevented our seeing each other, except at remote periods; and so the charm of frequent social intercourse was unavoidably broken. Henceforth, during our earthly pilgrimage, I trust our interviews will not be, "like angels' visits, few and far between;" but reciprocal and comparatively frequent.

The remembrance of my recent visit to Newburyport, and the generous and handsome reception which was accorded to me by the citizens, for dear Liberty's sake, will carry with it a delightful aroma while memory lasts. After so many years of misapprehension, and opposition to my course, it fills me with deep satisfaction — into which, I am sure,

V6. #99

nothing merely personal enters- to be thus publicly assured of an ~~active~~ entire change of feeling and sentiment, in regard to my labors in behalf of the enslaved millions in our country, on their part.

I wish you could have seen me mounted on the Charleston slave auction-block, on Thursday evening of last week, in Music Hall, in the presence of a magnificent audience, carried away with enthusiasm, and giving me their long protracted cheers and plaudits! I attended a similar meeting, for a similar purpose, at Lowell on Wednesday evening last, and, on taking the block, was greeted with the strongest demonstrations of applause, prolonged and repeated as though there were to be no end to them. What a revolution!

My dear wife continues in good health, although much crippled by her paralytic condition. We shall probably go to Providence in the course of a fortnight, to procure some medical aid which promises to be beneficial. We may remain there several weeks, though I shall be in Boston at least half of the time.

All our children are well. We have not had a letter from our son George since he entered Charleston with the 55th Mass. Reg't, singing the John Brown

V6. #49

song, and cheering for
Abraham Lincoln and
John A. Andrew. What
a bitter pill the haughty,
conquered Carolinians
have had to swallow!
Accept our household love.
Yours, with all my heart,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Extract of a letter
Written to Jacob Horton,
Newburyport,
Mass.

V.6 #99

1865

Jacob Horton, Esq.
Newburyport,
Mass.